

Lights Out

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Fluff.

Lights Out

****I haven't given up on my wrestling stories; I just needed to do something different for a change. I hope you guys like it.****

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><p>Lights Out

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><p>Lightning struck, illuminating the worn pages of Lily's beat up paper-back through the three-sided bay window. She sat, legs outstretched on the cushioned window seat, reading quietly. She turned her gaze out the window and frowned slightly. Rain droplets snaked down the cool glass, tree branches swayed in the heavy winds, and in the distance, small ripples rippled the surface of the water with every raindrop.<p>

It was such a beautiful place; it was such a shame they were there for such dark reasons.

It had been nearly an hour since the team had decided to call it a night; splitting up to share rooms, seeing the small inn did not have enough rooms to accommodate the large team. Garcia had been quick to pair off with Morgan, requiring another female to pair off with a male. She had offered, knowing she would get little sleep that night anyway. She figured she would have ended up paired with Rossi, seeing the two were like family.

She had been surprised when Spencer had been quick to offer to bunk with her. He had barely spoken a word to her since she had

transferred to the team three months prior and she had assumed he didn't care for her.

She glanced over at him, sitting on the couch on the opposite side of the room, his arms and legs crossed and his gaze focused toward the ceiling. She wondered what was on his mind. She tucked her book mark inside and slowly closed her book, turning to face her partner. She let her legs dangle over the side of the window seat and sat the book on the bench beside her.

Thunder rumbled in the background as she watched him, wondering just _what _she should say to him. He waved his foot back and forth and closed his eyes, his lips moving as he talked silently to himself. "Are you okay?" She asked.

He jerked, startled by the sound of her voice and nodded slightly. "Yea, yea. I'm fine." He continued to wave his foot lightly, quickly averting his gaze to the floor.

Now, Lily was not the nosy sort but it was quite obvious that Reid was lying to her. She grabbed her book and crossed the room, dropping gently into an arm chair across from the couch. "Are you sure?" She didn't want to be pushy but she could tell that something was bothering him. That troubled her. Despite her inkling that he might not like her, Lily was rather fond of her co-worker, _maybe even fonder of him that she _**_should be. _**

He stared at her for a moment, clearly contemplating his response, and she wondered what could be bothering him that would be so difficult to tell her.

Then realization dawned on her and she felt an all too familiar burning in the pit of her stomach. He was just opening his mouth to speak when she held up a hand to hush him.

"Reid, if you're not comfortable sharing a room with me I can go over and ask Hotch to switch and stay with Rossi." She tried to sound like the idea didn't bother, like the idea that he didn't want to be around her didn't hurt.

But it did, it hurt far more than she'd like to admit.

His mouth fell open and he stared at her for what felt like an eternity, obviously taken aback. "What; where would you get that idea?" He asked, turning his gaze away from her as another clap of thunder hit and the wind rattled the windows. He fidgeted on the couch moving forward, uncrossing his legs and putting his elbows on his knees.

"Well, I mean, we never really talk and you seem really uncomfortable. I don't to be the reason you are uncomfortable."

"You're not." He said simply. He leaned back again, closing his eyes once more.

She frowned and watched as he cringed when another clap of thunder hit, he whispered quietly to himself again, tapping his fingers on his knee.

And suddenly it all made sense. Spencer was afraid of the thunderstorm. She stood up again and walked over to him, sitting down on the couch beside him, folding one knee underneath her, she let her right leg hang off the couch. Her left knee just brushed his thigh. She reached out slowly and touched his hand. He opened his eyes and glanced at her.

"Is it the storm?" she asked, pulling her hand away from his. She regretted the contact instantly, remembering that he wasn't fond of being touched, especially by new people and despite being around for three months, she was still new to him.

He nodded, his cheeks reddening.

"You could have told me." She said folding her hands in her lap. "You don't have to be embarrassed."

"Thanks." He leaned forward, turning his full attention toward her. He smiled weakly and ran his fingers through his shaggy curls.

"You could listen to some music; I have my headphones and Ipod. It might not be the type of music you like but it would drown out the noise of the thunder."

"Or, maybe . . . " He trailed off, looking down at his hands. He sat that way for a moment, rubbing his hands together anxiously. The storm continued to rage on in their silence. He glanced at her, then back at his hands before speaking, "maybe, you could read me that book." He pointed at the book lying, forgotten, on her lap.

She glanced down at the book then back at him, "You want me to read to you?"

He shrugged, "That's what my mother used to do and I like the sound of your voice."

She blushed, "Oh, well. Okay." She opened the book to the first page and read from the beginning. She continued to read, smiling as he noticeably relaxed, focusing on the words and the sound of her voice.

After a chapter and a half he seemed completely relaxed, his gaze now focused on her as she read. She tried to ignore his intense gaze, her cheeks flushed.

She was just about to read chapter two when white light filled the room and then the lights went out, leaving them in absolute darkness. She felt Spencer's body stiffen again and she reached out and found his hand, taking it in hers. "It's okay." She squeezed his hand gently and got up from the couch, she had a small flashlight somewhere in her bag. She was about to walk away when he grabbed her hand again, grasping it tightly.

"Where are you going?" He sounded terrified, his hands were cold and sweaty and she fought the urge to pull hers away.

"I'm just getting my bag. I have a flashlight." She squeezed his hand gently before pulling away. She crossed the room, thanking God for her better than average ability to see in the dark. She grabbed her purse and unzipped the front pocket. She pulled out the little flashlight

and turned it on. Turning the beam toward Spencer, who was sitting, frozen, on the couch. She sighed, "Maybe there are some candles in here somewhere." She made her way around the room quickly, collecting five candles and a book of matches. She sat down beside him and handed him the flashlight. He watched quietly as she lit all of the candles. She smiled and got up, placing them in various places in the room.

He sighed with relief as the five candles cast enough glow to moderately illuminate the small room. She crossed the room and sat down beside him again. She was relieved to see that he was much more relaxed. He still held the flashlight but had switched it off, obviously comfortable with the warm glow of the candle light.

She listened to the sound of the rain as it pounded against the roof. There was a far off rumble but it seemed to be fading. She wondered if the other team members were sleeping though the storm or if they were awake too. No doubt, Garcia was livid that the electricity had gone out.

The feel of Spencer grasping her hand gently pulled her from her silent reverie and she turned to look at him, surprised by his sudden action.

He smiled sheepishly, "Thank you."

"For?" She probed, curious.

"A lot of people wouldn't understand . . . They would think -" The doctor who always had something to say seemed to be at a loss for words.

She smiled and squeezed his hand, "Don't worry about it, Spencer. Everyone has their fears; it is nothing to be embarrassed about."

He chuckled softly and shook his head, "Only 11% of people are afraid of the dark and 2% of people are afraid of Thunderstorms. I'm in a very small percentage that is afraid of both" He mumbled, looking down.

"You know what. I'm afraid of a lot of things, I've never even been near a shark and I don't _have _to go in the ocean, but, put a picture of a shark in front of me right now and I will flip out, guaranteed. I'm afraid of heights too." She leaned back against the back of the couch and intertwined her fingers with his, "So don't be ashamed, everyone is afraid of something."

He smiled gratefully and tugged her hand gently, pulling her closer and wrapping her in a light embrace, "Thank you."

"Anytime." When he released her from his grip she pointed upward with her free hand, "I think the storm has passed." She smiled, "Maybe you should try to get some sleep."

"What about you? Aren't you tired?"

"I'll probably be up for a bit, I'm not that tired. I'll take the couch and read."

He nodded and got up; he made his way toward the bed, but stopped

short, "Lily?"

"Yea?" She asked, throwing her legs up on the couch.

"Maybe you could come over here â€" and â€" you know â€" finish reading to me?" He questioned his back to her as he stared at the queen sized bed.

She knew his intentions were innocent but she was still surprised by the boldness of his request. "Sure. If that is what you want."

He simply nodded and approached the bed, pulling back the covers on the side nearest the door. She crossed the room and took the opposite side of the bed; bring two extra candles with her to better illuminate her book. She sat down beside him, her back resting against the headboard. He lay down, facing her, on his side. Once he was comfortable, she began to read again.

It only took one chapter and Spencer was asleep, one hand tucked beneath his head, the other gripping the covers around him. She smiled at the peaceful look on his face and got out her bookmark, leaving it at chapter three instead of chapter ten and put the book on the night stand. She got up quietly, careful not to wake him and gently blew out all of the candles. She grabbed the folded patchwork quilt at the foot of the bed and settled down on the other side of the bed, covering herself up with the quilt, and gradually drifted off to sleep.

End
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